

## **Adolescence**

Old and alone  
At the age of nineteen.  
It's sad...reaching out too early,  
Pulling back too young  
At the age of nineteen.  
He can see the look on her face  
Of age and wear,  
The loss of integrity in her eyes,  
At the age of nineteen.  
Perhaps if he realized  
That it could happen to him:  
One evening he might see  
Only the colors of his conversation.  
It would scare him—  
The colors of a conversation,  
Truth without words,  
A dream becoming real.  
Anyway,  
It does not matter—  
She stands with him in the hall  
With its cracked windows  
And forgets herself in  
The spring storm.

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